

NOW THEN.

A MAGAZINE FOR SHEFFIELD. ISSUE 54. FREE.

DETH P SUN. MARK THOMAS. DUSKY.



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NOW THEN IS A FREE MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PEOPLE IN SHEFFIELD.

We aim to cultivate choice, voice and responsibility by providing a platform for independent art, trade, music, writing and local news. We support Sheffield's economy by only working with independent traders, community groups, charities and local government.

Almost all articles published in this magazine are written by members of the community, not professionals. If you don't like what you read or have something that needs to be said, get in touch. Your opinions make Now Then what it is.

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Evolutionprint



EDITORIAL.

We are very pleased to be back in print this month after a brief break over summer with online issues decorated by coLor and Mila K. This month it is the turn of San Francisco Bay painter and illustrator Deth P Sun, an artist who we have wanted on our pages from day one. Deth's characters are distinctive and absorbing; the intrepid cat – part moomin, part Edward Gorey brainchild – the reassuring ghost, the inquisitive wolf. Read about his inspirations and working methods on page 35.

Words wise, we've got loads of content for you this month. Sara Hill reports from Edinburgh and Chella Quint explores cuts to library services. I talk to comedian, political activist and opera lover Mark Thomas on page 8, while Jack Opus interviews London house and techno duo Dusky on page 51.

We are always keen to make new connections. If you are new to the city – promoter, artist, musician, writer, independent business owner – get in touch with us. By working together we can strengthen each other's ventures, and perhaps do a little to keep this city as individual and innovative as it continually proves to be.

SAM.



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LOCALCHECK.

ASSIST.
HOSTED BY ALT-SHEFF.

He has the kind of face that always looks shocked. We sat over a coffee in the warm Sheffield sunshine. ‘What have I done to deserve this?’ he asks. ‘Did I kill someone?’ No, he didn’t. He just did what anyone might. He went to a friend’s house, he drank a little alcohol. He met a nice woman, they stayed the night together. And someone called the police.

The nice woman happened to be married. Alcohol happened to be illegal in that country. Hassan was given 74 lashes. It took over an hour of non-stop beating, then he set off home. Phoning his mum, he couldn’t understand at first why she kept saying that his aunty was waiting for him. Why would he visit his aunt now? Didn’t his mother know he was returning from the police station? Yes, she knew full well, but she was trying to warn him that the danger wasn’t over; that he shouldn’t come home. Thugs were waiting for him there to continue the beating. Religious violence in that society runs deep.

He paid the price, in a place where old-fashioned, woman-hating stepfather figures have taken over the country. ‘Don’t say the Iranians’ says Hassan. ‘The Iranian people are one thing, the Iranian government is another. It’s different. If we say anything we can be killed. It’s like the Taliban there.’ Even clothing must be government-approved. Having a relationship with someone who is married carries a death sentence for the older of the two; death by hanging. In a repressive atmosphere like that it’s easy to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Hassan knows of a police chief who hanged a mother and her six sons because one of them stepped out of line. The police charged the family money to get the bodies back.

With the help of his father, Hassan fled his homeland, arriving as a young man in our land of freedom and opportunity. Twelve years later he’s still waiting to move on with his life. He was offered unpaid work as a security guard in return for accommodation in empty, unheated, insecure buildings. He spent two icy Sheffield winters sleeping in cellars on dirty, wet floors. His health still suffers from the experience. He was taken in by someone offering a place. It turned out the deal was accommodation in return for being subjected to daily sexual abuse.

Finally Hassan made contact with the small Sheffield charity ASSIST, which supports asylum seekers in desperate need. They helped him out with accommodation for two years until the courts finally agreed, after ten years of living in limbo, that forcing him to return home would be a death sentence.

Sheffield is his home now.

Our government gives only temporary accommodation to people in Hassan’s situation. He has no savings, no job, not even a TV. Dozens of job applications have produced no responses. His CV probably doesn’t fit the profile that employers have in mind.

Many companies are making money by exploiting asylum seekers, including landlords, and the government knows this, Hassan says. There are people sleeping two or three to a room, in this city, in damp rented properties. Even getting a full British passport has been turned into a money-spinning business for the UK government, at well over £1,000 to non-UK nationals.

Hassan is one of many people who form a hidden part of our community; a mixture of nationalities and ages. Some still live in fear of agents from their homeland, while others are wonderfully happy to be here. Many are educated, sensitive and interesting people, who have seen more of life than you would want to. If you have time, visit one of ASSIST’s conversation clubs. These are a chance for people to practice speaking English with volunteers and one another. They need more volunteers – could you do this? It helps to be involved in a positive, purposeful activity once or twice a week. Just being there is helping. Giving someone a smile can fill their heart again.

By the way, Hassan is not his real name. He gave me permission to use his name but I chose not to – in case you meet him one day. Meet him as a new start, as one human being to another. He may want to tell his story, or he may want to put his past behind him. Either way, why not give him a chance?

assistsheffield.org.uk
alt-sheff.org



RITA MCANDREW.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF RITA MCANDREW
1988-2012

Rita embodied this very city. She inhabited it more fully than anyone I’ve ever met. Rita was always Rita, true to herself in every context and always glittering. Rita was home. Warm, familiar and always able to remind you who you are.

Rita’s gifts of communication, infectious energy and boundless love of learning made her known to and loved by many. Her vulnerable shyness and modesty meant she probably never knew this.

Rita’s brave and incredible trip to South America will inspire us all to live life to the full, passing fear off with a smile and a dance.

Rita will live on in our hearts and minds forever. At every festival, on every dance floor, in every sunset.

Rita - You are our smile.

Alice Carder.

[Editor’s note: below is a poem written by Rita before she left Sheffield for South America.]

TO THOSE WHO I’VE LOST FOR THOSE WHO I’VE FOUND.

As I stuff the remnants of the pages inked memory blotches
jump out from tangible scribble to erratic and incomprehensible personal shorthand.

Some pages are missing, some ripped out, some blew out the window
through bright lights, uncontrollable laughter, moustaches, ballgowns,
flailing, to the last of the standing, good old sailor what’s his name, back to
the warmth and into the gutter.

Tables with edges so bent red wine pours onto the father of a dictator’s rug.

You’ll never live down the shopping receipt, the chocolate smile crease or
the casual moon dancing.

Bassline beats, floating, bending under dreams, spotlights, the spirits
of ghostlike bands, their rhythms played back and conjured with gentle
reminiscent persuasion.

All hail the bison!

Chinnilingus under crooked sunrise. Sunsets at all angles.

A blow up sofa ship, whose pirates’ rum fuelled sea shantys would scare the
most sturdy of grandmothers.

Blue faced cackling gussets, rabid fanny grabbers, filthy limericks, blonde
farmers and an easy ride.

Silver nipple flowers frame a night of police, camera ballgown.

Reds vs whites as a flame fuelled battle ensues, could it be the fault of the
Benedictine monks?

Jungles, superheroes and shisha dens, running their imaginations through
the brickwork.

Just another chapter, but this one will never be closed.

Thankyou, you set of loveable bastards whose imaginative collective
evokes and inspires.

I love you Sheffield.

xxx Rita x

MARK THOMAS.

BRAVO FIGARO.
INTERVIEW BY SAM WALBY.

Mark Thomas has been known as a comedian and activist for the best part of 25 years. From his first appearances on Radio 1 in the late 80s through to hosting his own TV show, The Mark Thomas Product, until 2002, he has consistently shown himself to be a performer who wants to have a positive impact on the world while also making people laugh. He has successfully campaigned for changes to tax law, exposed loopholes in arms trading regulations, broken a world record for the most number of political demonstrations held in one day, and walked the entire length of the Israeli separation barrier in the West Bank.

But his new show is a different beast, not least in that its premise is not overtly political. Bravo Figaro is the story of Mark’s father, who has been diagnosed with the degenerative disease progressive supranuclear palsy (PSP), and his family’s attempts to come to terms with the situation via his passion for opera. At the time of writing the show has already won two awards in Edinburgh after just a few performances, and Mark will tour it across the country when the festival ends, including a date at the Lyceum in Sheffield next month.

Let’s start from the top – tell me about the new show, Bravo Figaro.

The show is quite a bizarre story, and the most personal show I’ve ever done, I think. Comics always use our families in some way, shape or form, either directly or indirectly, but this is very directly as my mum and dad’s voices are actually in the show in recorded interviews. They help tell the story.

Me and my dad had a problematic relationship in many ways, but when he became ill with progressive supranuclear palsy, we started to lose him to dementia. PSP is little known but is as prevalent of motor neurone disease, and is often misdiagnosed, which obviously compounds the problem. It’s incurable and degenerative. Really it’s a breakdown of the body and the mind.

My dad discovered a love of opera when he was an adult. He shouldn’t have discovered it – a working class man who left school with no formal qualifications – but he did. So as we began to lose him as a personality and a character, I started to listen to it as a way of reaching out to him.

I know the idea initially came after you were a guest on Inheritance Tracks on Radio 4, but after that you were commissioned to write a show for the Royal Opera House. Tell me about that.

It’s not every day that you get asked to do something at the Royal Opera House, especially as a comic. There was a bit of me that thought, “Is there another Mark Thomas who writes opera? Are you sure you’ve got the right one?”

It was amazing actually. If you’re a comic, you get asked to meet all sorts of folk. Invariably it all comes to nothing, so you don’t actually get excited about some of these things. Mike Figgis is a fascinating bloke – film director and occasional opera director – and he was the one curating the festival I was commissioned for. To be completely honest, it was a bizarre series of coincidences, but Mike and the Royal Opera House were really interested in getting me to a place where I could do the show.

You started performing the new show in Edinburgh last month. How has it gone down so far?

It’s all gone very well. It’s strange – you change the name of what you do to ‘theatre’ and they give you awards. It’s great. I’m going to do it more often – change my name and change my game and see if they give me more awards. We got the Fringe First and the Herald Angel Awards. It’s great to get these things, because the show is so different, and so personal. Awards are always shit and irrelevant until you get one.

You must be used to a different reaction from audience members.

Yeah, it’s been really moving. People come up and tell stories about how their parents have been affected by PSP, and what’s happened to them. Because you’ve offered up a story, people reciprocate. Normally I finish a show, I walk into the bar and I’m having an argument and get given a leaflet within two minutes. And that’s good, but this time around it’s very different. I’ve got emails and tweets and all sorts from people who know folk with PSP, and because it’s relatively unknown and often misdiagnosed, you get the sense of people coming out of isolation. Someone wrote me a letter saying, “My dad’s got PSP. It’s like being in a Beckett play!”

Compared with Extreme Rambling, a show about you walking the length of the Israel-Palestine separation wall, this show is almost at the other end of the spectrum, but from the sounds of it still has the trademark intensity of a Mark Thomas show.

Yeah, if you’re looking for an evening of light-hearted entertainment, don’t come. But the point is, do you want to do a show that is memorable or not? Do you want to do a show that people connect with, or do you just want to be entertainment between the curry and the sex?

You want to connect with people. You want to have an impact. People say, “Oh, but can theatre actually change anything?” Of course it can, because its primary function is to get you feeling something or thinking something you didn’t before you came into the theatre. From my point of view – politically and personally – I’m all about moving people and connecting with people. It’s about being intense. Life’s short and you have to get on with it, so I’m not going to waste time.

Am I right in thinking you have been working with the PSP Association to raise awareness of the disease as well?

I’ve been in contact with them, and we’ve done interviews and stuff. Certainly they’ve got members and doctors coming to the show. It’s just about getting people along and raising awareness – not a major campaign. If any of your readers has a relative with PSP, they should get in touch, because they’ve got a fantastic phone line service which they’ve just set up.

One of the great things about performing is that it’s about empathy, but actually also it’s about community, and helping people realise they’re not alone. In the early days of HIV/AIDS awareness, I did gigs for the Terrence Higgins Trust, and at the end of the show they’d turn the lights on and people in the audience would read out the names of people they’d lost to AIDS. And it’s a very moving, powerful act of sharing that says, “We are not alone”. Those events are hugely significant. What I’m doing doesn’t compare, but from my point of view, all of my shows are about subjects that we should be addressing.

Mark Thomas will perform Bravo Figaro at the Lyceum on 10th October.

markthomasinfo.co.uk
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EDINBURGH.

PBH'S FREE FRINGE.
SARA HILL.

The Edinburgh Festival is the largest arts festival in the world. Attending it is a unique experience every time, no matter how much of a veteran you are. The city is transformed into a whirling cacophony of bright colours and loud speakers. The streets shine, bejeweled in a million discarded leaflets and the odd smear of crimson from a street chainsaw juggling performance. The scent of kerbside barbecue mingles with the sweat of a million tourists, somehow emerging wholesomely invigorating and sitting alongside the little boy doing shy covers of Radiohead, just up from the brashly bold Italian magician calling enthusiastically to all passers.

If this sounds like an overly romanticised view of the Edinburgh festival, that's because it is. Something that has the capacity to sweep people up so totally in its atmosphere is easy to get romantic about. That said, it's been harder for me this year and the feeling seems to have been echoed by others too. Comedian Stewart Lee, for example, recently wrote an article in the Guardian about the increasing commercialisation of the festival and the controversial split between the Edinburgh Fringe Festival and the Edinburgh Comedy Festival. His points about the subservience to populism and mass appeal overshadowing the, well, fringier bits of the Fringe ring true, as they do in so many aspects of our culture, but this is the first year I have been unable to ignore that shadow in Edinburgh.

The more you talk to the performers, the more the happy, show-must-go-on facade fades and the harsh reality of the festival peeks through. Of course, there are many performers who do well here every year, but in a time of rising living costs and decreasing wages, austerity has bitten hard.

The cost of performing at the Edinburgh Festival can run into the thousands, leaving many performers in debt and wagering it all on securing enough work as a result of their festival run. That is certainly not a new problem, but it does seem to have become more apparent in the last few years, as margins get even tighter.

Thankfully, there are people who decide to tackle a problem, rather than moaning about it in a magazine article published in a totally different city. Peter Buckley Hill is one of those people. He founded the Free Fringe in 1996 when it only consisted of one show – his own. In 2012, the PBH Free Fringe is hosting 385 different shows in 35 different venues for which you pay nothing, unless at the end you feel it's worth it. It is staffed by a dedicated team of volunteers and in my opinion represents a way to travel back to those heady days of experimental art and comedy that the Edinburgh Festival was, kind of still is, and should always be a Mecca for. I'm certain that only at a Free Fringe show could I have witnessed a man unexpectedly given viagra live on stage.

The venues donate their space rather than charging performers to use them and it doesn't cost hundreds of pounds to get in the programme. True, performers must still cover their costs of living while they're up here, but that's a much easier prospect than funding a full festival run and – warning, romanticism returning – there is a greater sense of community and camaraderie among free fringe performers. Instead of fighting over flyer spots, the accepted policy is to drink cider together. A policy that I'm sure you'll agree makes the PBH Free Fringe smarter than your average bear. Roll on next year.





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FOOD.

THE ITALIAN WAY.
FRED OXBY.

Italian food is undoubtedly among the most popular cuisines on the planet. Be it pizza or pasta, almost everyone is familiar with at least three Italian dishes, a testament to the immense impact this food has had on the world. But while Italian food is so popular, it is one of the most misrepresented styles of cooking around, now the fodder of a whole host of chain restaurants and pastiches. Italy has been a constant theme in my life since I was child, having regularly visited my Grandfather in his home in Umbria and just returned from a year in Bari, a city on the south-east coast. My passion for the country and its cuisine has led me to strive to understand what it's really about.

Italian cooking is not about technique, like the saucy French dishes that adorn the most expensive dinner tables of the world. It is about ingredients and simplicity. The warm Mediterranean weather is kind to Italy, giving it a selection of local produce which is just about unrivalled in Europe. Naturally occurring flavours like tomato, basil and lemon form the crux of a cuisine which seldom needs to do anything more than showcase the incredible bounty of the land, rather than decorate it with fancy cooking styles and presentation. Take for example the classic, quintessentially Italian dish Insalata Caprese, a simple combination of basil, tomatoes and mozzarella. This dish is entirely reliant on the ingredients; the better the tomatoes and the cheese, the better the salad.

Unfortunately, we British just don't have tomatoes like in Italy and maybe that explains why I am constantly underwhelmed by Italian restaurant food in the UK. But as a nation, we also lack many of the attributes which have helped Italian food develop into what it is today. Unlike in Britain, where originality is celebrated, Italians don't appreciate people swimming against the tide, especially when it comes to food. Italian dishes are the culmination of centuries of work and practice using the same ingredients. Recipes for pasta sauces, pizza dough and ice cream are passed down the generations, often unique to individual families and usually precise to the point of rigidity in terms of specific quantities and methods. Any ingredients considered surplus are discarded, so while many Italian dishes are surprisingly minimal they are the product of decades of research and development.

When asked about Italian food, I have been told one thing consistently: master the basics and leave it at that. In honour of those instructions, I have dedicated much time to perfecting the simplest, most basic element of all Italian food – the tomato sauce or “Il Sugo”, as it's known. This sauce is not difficult to make, but it is definitely one of the most satisfying dishes to pull off and when made right, is so packed with flavour that it can speak for itself, without anything more than some parmesan cheese and a sprig of basil.



IL SUGO.

Serves 3-4. Recipe by Fred Oxby.

The Italians in Bari call this sauce “Il Sugo”, literally “The Sauce”, and claim that only their grandmother can make it right. Recipes differ but they all have one thing in common: simplicity. It's important to resist adding anything extra to this recipe, because when made well, this sauce speaks for itself. Although Italians do not traditionally eat pasta as an evening main course, it is enjoyable at pretty much any time of the day.

Ingredients:

1 bottle or 2 cartons of tomato passata (or chopped tomatoes pulped with a fork)
2 large cloves of garlic
½ a small, white onion
A shot (25 ml) of dark rum
Parmesan cheese or Gran Padana (to taste)
Olive oil
Salt, pepper and caster sugar

Chop the onion as finely as possible and fry in ample olive oil. The finer the chopping of the onions, the better they'll disintegrate into the sauce. Next, gently crush the garlic cloves on the flat of a big knife. You only want them to crack slightly, and they should remain whole throughout the cooking process.

Once the onion has softened for a couple of minutes, add the passata. Overestimate the amount you need (a bottle serves 3-4 people). You don't want to be adding any later as it will taste bitter. The key to this sauce is letting the passata develop during the cooking. It tastes so much better after 30 minutes than 20, so it should all cook for the same amount of time.

Add a liberal shot of dark rum, salt, black pepper and a large pinch of caster sugar. The more experience you have of this sauce, the more of a feel you will get for the balance of these seasonings. Taste constantly to adjust to your personal preference.

Bring the heat on the hob right down and slowly cook the sauce for between 30 and 40 minutes. As it cooks, grate cheese into it every ten minutes. Don't grate too much in at any one time – you want it to blend completely into the sauce. The longer this cooks for, the richer it will be. In Italy, it's not uncommon for this sauce to slowly bubble away for several hours.

Once happy with the flavour, remove the garlic cloves (they've served their purpose) and eat with your favourite pasta. I recommend Orecchiette – named after its small, ear-like shape – and a bit of basil for decoration. Turn this sauce into a spicy Arrabiata by adding chopped chillies.



ITALIAN LAMB.

Serves 2-4. Recipe by Freddie Bates.

Ingredients:

2 Lamb shoulders or necks
1 bunch of oregano
1 large sprig of rosemary
1 carrot, sliced
1 celery stick, sliced
1 bulb garlic, cut in half
1 onion, cut into eighths
1 bottle of red wine
100ml of balsamic vinegar
Small handful pink peppercorns
Butter
Seasoning to taste

Get a large mixing bowl and place all ingredients inside, reserving a small handful of oregano. Cover with cling film and leave in the fridge for at least 3 hours (up to 24 hours where possible). At halfway point, turn lamb.

When marinating is complete, take the lamb out and put the liquor into a large casserole dish. Season the lamb with salt and pepper and seal in a frying pan with some oil. Remove from the pan and pat with kitchen towel to remove excess oil. Now place the lamb in the dish with the liquor, cover with a lid or foil and cook on the middle shelf of the oven at 200°C for two hours, basting every half hour.

Cook for a little longer if not tender enough. You want the bone to be coming out with very little effort when teasing it. Do not pull it out when done. Simply remove carefully from the liquor and cover with foil. The skin should be nice and crisp with meltingly tender meat underneath.

Strain the liquor into a saucepan but keep the celery, carrot, onion and garlic. Place veg into a blender – deroot the onion and squeeze garlic from skin – and add a ladel of the liquor. Blend to a thick paste and add to the saucepan with the rest of the liquor. Reduce on a high heat until the consistency is like double cream, then strain through a fine sieve.

Place back in pan and when warm again, add a small knob of butter. Place lamb in the centre of a serving dish, pour gravy and scatter some chopped oregano all over. Serve with roast courgette, squash, pepper and some crusty bread. A proper Italian roast to take those blues away.

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Damaged Spanish fresco now early favourite for Turner Prize

A highly-regarded Spanish fresco that was damaged by an 80 year-old woman is of such quality, officials for the British Turner prize have made it an early front runner for next year's award.

Ecce Homo (Behold the Man) by Elias Garcia Martinez has held pride of place in the Sanctuary of Mercy Church near Zaragoza for more than 100 years, but now resembles something the parents of a toddler would pin to their fridge.

A spokesperson for the Turner Prize explained, "Sure, the artist might be a Spanish octogenarian, and this is a prize for British artists, but just look at it – it is truly breathtaking."

"Anyone who has seen our previous winners will know that we value the incomprehensible, and where others see a child-like attempt to draw a human face, we see a tortured soul desperately seeking redemption."

"Or something."

Art fans around the country have acknowledged the hidden genius in the revised painting, with some already dubbing it "Balaclava Jesus doing Stephen Hawking".

Fan of the arts Simon Williams told us, "If I look at a piece of art and find myself asking, 'what the fuck is this all about then', it tends to do well in the Turner prize. So I'm expecting big things of this piece."

"If she wants a guaranteed win maybe she should think about stapling some dirty knickers to it, or submerging it in a tank of formaldehyde?"

All five remaining hotmail users to get new Outlook email system

The five remaining users of Microsoft's free email system Hotmail will see their accounts upgraded to the new Outlook platform in the coming days, according to reports.

Microsoft announced the change after admitting one their software engineers had remembered something about them owning a free email service in May this year.

A spokesperson for the software giant told us, "This is an ambitious programme designed to bring back those customers who left us once they realised email didn't need to be nasty-looking, difficult to use and riddled with spam. If you could just close your eyes for minutes, and imagine it's 1998 – do you see it? Yes, well now remember that Hotmail is where it's at.

"We have an extensive marketing programme underway and fully expect our active user base to be back over a dozen by September this year, slightly above 2005 levels."

Users of the free service have welcomed the news, but expressed concerns that the new service could see the platform go 'mainstream'. Account holder Simon Williams told us, "I've been using a Hotmail email address ironically for five years now. It's hilarious to put it on CVs and stuff."

"Fortunately everything about me reeks of hipster, so when people meet me in person they immediately 'get it'."

Barbara Matthews, 57, has been a loyal Hotmail customer since 1997 and told us, "I don't like change. People laugh when I tell them my email address, but that's just fine. Plus all the spam makes me feel really popular."

INTRODUCING FACT TOTEM



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LIBRARIES.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO PROTECT THE MOST? CHELLA QUINT.

I love libraries even more than I love museums. And I really love museums (see NT#48).

The moment I approach the Sheffield Central Library, it’s obvious. The original, art deco handrails are gone. Now, instead, there’s a sign: “Please be careful on the stairs. No handrails due to theft.”

Inside the main entrance to my favourite building in the city, I’m greeted by a quote painted on the wall that I used to interpret as a gentle reminder, but which now reads as an ominous warning: “Without libraries what have we? We have no past and no future.” – Ray Bradbury

The building itself is imploring me to visit more often. I make a promise to do so as I head left to the reference room and request a library consultation form.

I wish this article could end here. That I could just say:

If you want to participate in the library consultation between now and 8th October, you can pick up a paper form at any library or First Point location, request alternative formats by ringing 0114 2734567, or you can take it online at sheffield.gov.uk/libraryreview.

But then I open the form. It says: “The Government requires the Council to make significant savings and this will continue for some years. Some of these savings will have to come from our library services.”

Now, the Sheffield library service costs around £6 million a year to run for a population of just over half a million, so the council is spending just under a quid a month per person on this. That sounds reasonable – even verging on cheap.

Ending corporate tax avoidance and accounting for the money in offshore havens would sort out municipal spending immediately. The IMF has recently suggested the UK government’s austerity measures are hindering financial growth, and a number of financial experts have actually recommended public sector investment to improve the economy and decrease unemployment. Rather than a consultation, it feels more like a consolation prize for living under the coalition government.

I nearly hand the form back, but then a library spokesperson tells me that nothing’s a done deal, and that they genuinely want our opinions whether we go every week or don’t even have a library card. So I read the form again. I notice a lot of big blank spaces for people to make extensive comments, and plan to use them. I read on a bit more happily until I get to section six, which asks ‘What do you want to protect the most?’

These are the options:

- The range of services and materials
- Library opening hours
- The number of local libraries
- Library staff
- The Council running library services (rather than social enterprises, charitable trusts or community groups running them)

What do I want to protect? Well first of all, library staff are people, so that immediately becomes ‘Whom do I want to protect’. And that makes the answer obvious; I want to protect the staff. I want their expertise and their jobs to allow the other things to happen. Of course I don’t want the council to give the libraries away to other people to run, or have opening hours and resources reduced. But I really want to protect the staff.

I speak to a few of the librarians and one tells me she can only scan materials for the online archive when the library is closed, because there are already too few staff for her to do that while working at the desk and helping visitors. She points out that the library is open 24/7 online, but I’m not buying it. Surely the library opening hours are as important as online availability? It’s a free public space.

Section seven asks about renting out this free public space to commercial organisations, and the form ends with a question about extending the use of volunteers.

That jogs my memory and I get in touch with a friend who was a library assistant in another Yorkshire town where a lot of the above changes have already been made. She left her job after she went from feeling dissatisfied to disenfranchised.

“Fewer staff meant adopting ‘new ways of working’, based on an outdated bookshop model,” she told me. “My role used to be much more creative and stimulating than merely prowling the shelves and showing people how to use the self-service machines. Because of the cuts, we were no longer allowed to run children’s activities, and related crafts, displays, and workshops were abandoned. There just wasn’t time with a skeleton staff, so most of the regular kids who used to come in just didn’t bother.

“Library assistants and volunteers were increasingly doing roles that used to be reserved for qualified librarians. If the alternative is no library, I’m sure people would settle for a disorganised and inefficient library.”

We shouldn’t have to settle. We are worth so much more. There is exponential value in free access to expert advice and knowledge. We know this. We need to do something about it. Unfortunately, we can’t exactly chain ourselves to the railings, so I guess we’d better fill in the consultation document.

sheffield.gov.uk/libraryreview



POEMS ON THE TRAMS.

You might have noticed some poems on the trams over the last month. It was a project we were really happy to be a part of. Commissioned by imove and funded by Legacy Trust UK, Word Life asked five South Yorkshire poets to come up with original poems themed around 'human movement' as part of Yorkshire's Cultural Olympiad programme. Here they are all together. Hope you enjoy them.

OFF THE SHELF LITERATURE FESTIVAL.
OCTOBER 13TH – NOVEMBER 3RD.

Sheffield's annual celebration of reading and writing is just around the corner. As ever there will be a huge amount going on. Brochures should be winging their way around the city as you read this, and in fact there may be one next to where you picked up your copy of Now Then. We're happy to have had a hand in a few events, and next month's Word Life section is vastly expanded to include interviews, poems and articles from some of the writers, comedians and broadcasters included in the programme. Watch this space.

LUCKY.

Eight o' clock, relentless steeping rain -
the wheezing bus pulls in a drab grey bay
where water stains the pitted concrete wall
and people shuffle to the parted door.

They're off, we're on, we skitter down the aisle,
swiping hats and hanging off the rails,
huddling up and squealing in the steam
from fug of duffle, soaking gabardine,

we run our fingers round the furry seats,
tease out tickets shoved inside the cracks,
inspect the purple numbers for the magic
sum of twenty one, and smooth them quick,

then into bags and later, out of sight of Miss, exchange them in dank cloakrooms for a kiss.

SALLY GOLDSMITH.

YOU ARE.

*...you are not the wind in the orchard,
the plums on the counter,
or the house of cards.*

-Billy Collins

The way a hawk
is most a hawk
in flight,

your black Toyota
most a car
at 50 mph

so people are
most human when
they move:

that woman is the sum
of every flight of stairs
she's tiptoed up.

Her son's a Sunday
penalty that curves
too wide.

That crowd holds
a thousand ways of
crossing a room.

And since you ask, you
could have been
a Saturday spent

on the resurrected tyre swing,
the drunk dance
of the sycamore,

but you're a movement
almost
happening:

the cup paused just below
the lip, the roll-up
not yet lit

and I'm the hand
that stills
your wrist.

HELEN MORT.

THE HANDKERCHIEF.

Rain smacks the windows so hard it ought to leave scars,
like welts on the underside of the sky
but inside's a cheery glow, we're snuggled into coats;
with the Hillsborough lads who know they'll be
Wednesday 'til they die whatever the score. My kids smile,
bug-eyed, clutching tickets the conductor gave with a wink.
Spare hands grasp mine; tacit reminders I'm not alone.
'love you too' the man snaps off his phone, rolls his eyes
'soft as a sofa that one' he sighs. We have pulled away
from Perseverance Terrace towards home,
while the girl I was one wasted night, mascara smudged,
wearing pain like a neon dress, is long gone.

And the stranger who'd insisted I'd kept
a crisp white square with her initial embroidered in blue,
who held my hand through all London's bleak stops
is more memorable now than the man
whose name might as well have been Judas.
There's always a time to choose, to disembark;
like I left Battersea and inconstancy behind, moved north.
Now the rain quietens as the sky clears, closer here to Sunnyside,
the distance travelled, eighteen years.

CHARLOTTE ANSELL.

PERSPECTIVE.

What makes a city is what you make of it.
Its heartbeat's like a bassline, true and quick.
Watch how it pulses with the lives we live –
living side-by-side, each of us different.
Now for each odd fight or clash or cruel word
that spills onto streets, there's someone helping
another, just trying to make ends meet.
Sneer, if doubt says you won't buy into this,
but know these words aren't selling anything.
Find a window seat on the tram or bus.
See the sun splinter through the clouds above.
See the bustle, the people, the endless roads,
the details. Step off at a different stop.
See the city again from that distant hilltop.

BEN WILKINSON.

ONE LONG STARE
BETWEEN HUMANS.

There is poem between us,
in one long stare
we are always becoming.

Poem will not ask you to tick
the box 'I agree.'
Poem will not list your to-do's.
Poem will only move you,
if you let it.

Poem does not resent.
Poem does not ask you to look
deep inside yourself – knows
this poem already you are there.

Poem has better signal than a
mobile telephone mask
and will leave no voicemail.

Poem will sit across
from you on the tram
reading itself in your silence,
reading itself in your stare

like humans do when we share
the lights in our eyes
and become poems.

JAMES LOCK.



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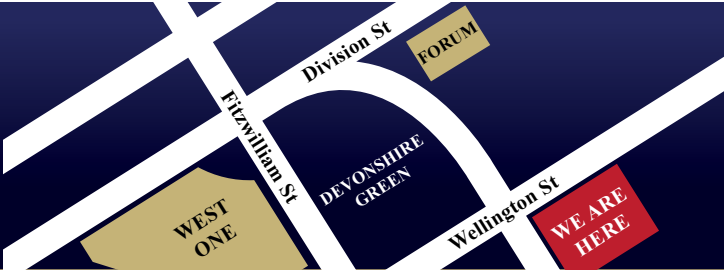
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DETH P SUN.

A CAT WITH STYLE.
INTERVIEW BY MATT JONES.

Lots of people draw characters. Lots of people copy this man right here. When we were first setting up the magazine, over four years ago, I wanted to feature this amazing American artist I kept seeing the work of. He drew his cats, having adventures, dipped hard in fantasy. Time has now passed, we are still here, as is Mr Deth P Sun, and I am a happy man. In these wierd times of ‘referencing’ and direct copying, its a skill to spot authentic work, and heartfelt style. Ladies and gentlemen, use your eyes. This is real.

What got you started as an artist?

I don’t remember a time when I didn’t draw. I think I kept on doing it ‘cause I wasn’t allowed to watch TV growing up. But what made me think I could do it professionally was this art camp I went to at CalArts when I was in high school.

Can you describe the process of starting a new piece? Where does that initial spark come from?

When I start a piece, I’ll start about 20 at the same time, ‘cause some things aren’t as awesome as other things, and sometimes they’re just random stupid drawings I come up with. Most of the stuff comes from things I watch or read, and they’re all very different – either comics, or paintings, or history documentaries, or travel shows, or just actual real experiences.

What tools (physical or digital) do you use regularly and what’s your favourite?

While painting I like to use high viscosity fluid acrylics, matte acrylics, and some medium viscosity acrylics from tubes. I only use three types of brushes right now ‘cause everything I paint is pretty small. Two of them are these Kolinsky sable brushes that come from Germany that you can get for \$4, and the other is a W&N Watercolor brush called Cirrus 660 ¼” One Stroke they discontinued a few years ago that I stocked-piled and now have five left of. They still exist. They’re just called something else, and have a slightly longer stem and cost twice as much.

When drawing I like to use Rives BFK or paper from a Bristol pad. The pencils I use are Mirado Black Warriors. They also got discontinued so I bought about 200 of those, so that will probably last me 20 years. The pens I like to use are either a Pilot V5 or a Pilot Hi-Tec C, but in the UK the Hi-Tec C is called a G-Tec 4.

How do you spend your days?

I spend my days drawing and painting. Some days I have to go the post office, so I’ll try making a trip to the library or the art supply store as well. I listen to various science and history podcasts, or the radio via the net, or movies on Netflix.

Which of your most recent pieces have you enjoyed making the most?

They all just feel like a continuation of one story to me.

What are you working on at the moment?

I have a dual show with a friend in Oakland, California. That opens in a few weeks, and I’m in a group show in LA at the Japanese American National Museum, and that’s in September.

What other artistic media have had an effect on your art?

I like comics, I guess.

Have you made any more zines recently?

No, I’m really slow on them. When I’m painting I can’t really do anything else so I only end up making one or two zines a year. I am making a travel zine of my trip to the UK. I have an outline, and the drawings of everything I ate while I was out there. I also have drawings for a maze zine, but I only have 3 drawings and I’d like more than that. But I don’t have time to draw ‘cause I have to paint.

How has your art changed in recent years?

Everything changes, but very slowly. I get illustration jobs and they all want me to remake old things but often I can’t ‘cause I don’t even use the same paints.

Any tips on how to survive making money from your art?

Uh, take a business class? I really don’t know how I survive. And that is a pretty broad question. The only really good advice is to always make art, to always have it out there and to never give it away.

What do you like and dislike in art?

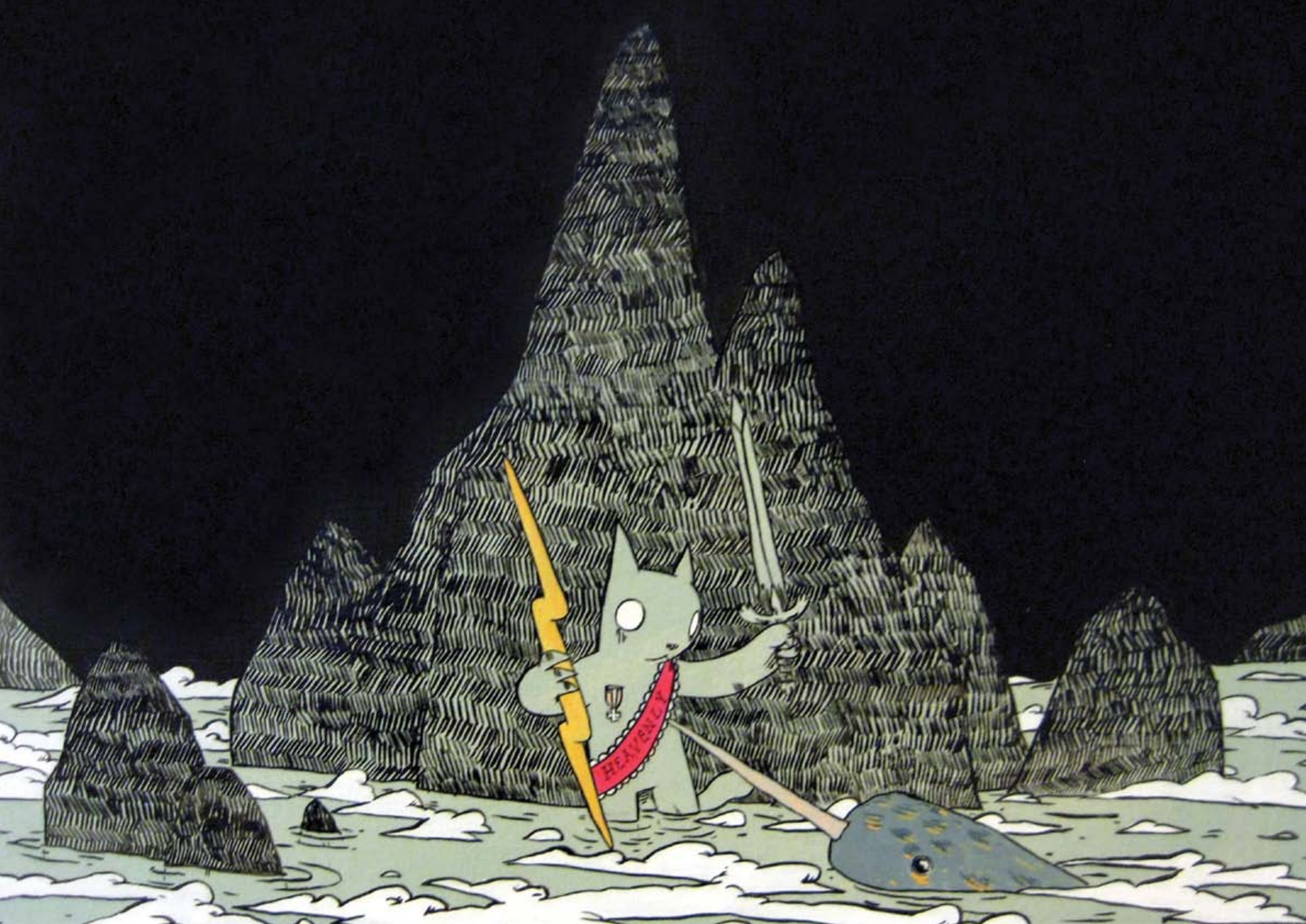
I don’t like the fact I’m always by myself all day, everyday, but I like being friends with other creative people and having a purpose when travelling.

Good advice you wish you’d been told earlier?

I don’t know about that one. I think I’m okay with the mistakes I’ve made.

dethpsun.com





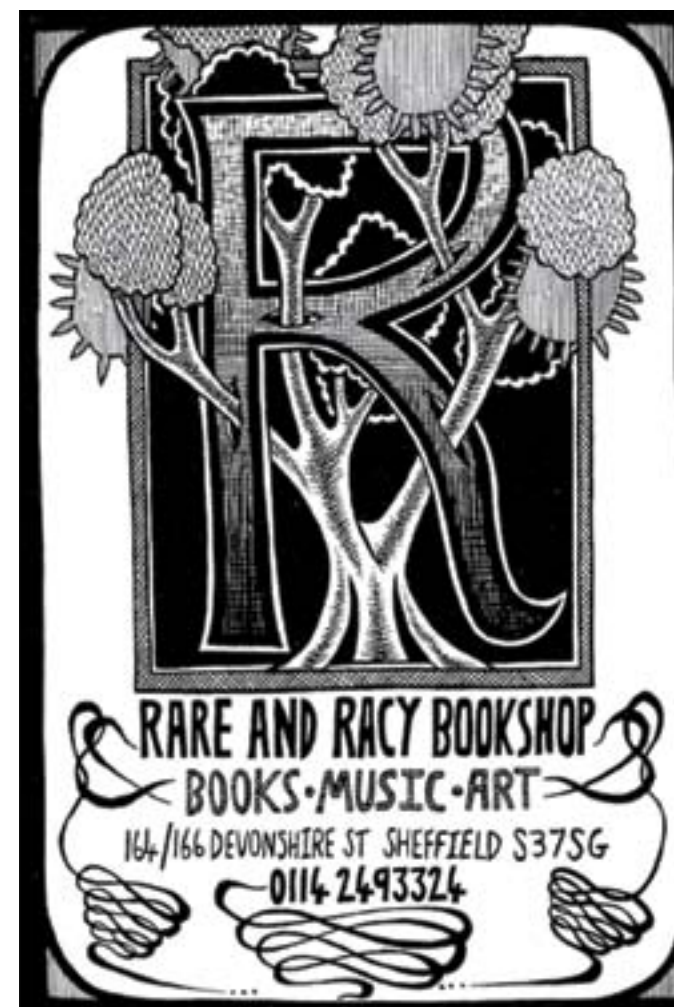


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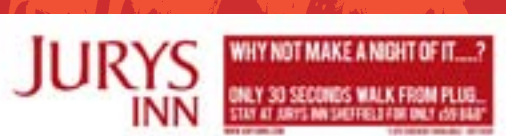
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SOUND.

ELECTRONIC SUPPER CLUB. BEN DOREY.

Those of you who've kept your ears to the ground over the supposed summer in Sheffield will already have heard a bit about Electronic Supper Club, and by the time this is published a lucky few may have even attended one of their events. The project is an ambitious collaboration between an bunch of Sheffield artists, musicians and geeks headed up by the city's techno stalwarts The Black Dog and photographer Shaun Bloodworth. Aiming to combine live broadcasts with cutting edge technology to bring a new level of quality to such affairs, the initial round of events will showcase some of the North's best talent, with a real mixture of names you've heard of and some you probably haven't.

Kicking off from 22nd August, line-ups include Oris Jay, Grievous Angel and Paul Woolford as well as local heroes Squarehead and Box Jams. Going live on Wednesday evenings from the inimitable CADS, entry is by invite which can be applied for on the website below, but whilst capacity will initially be rather limited, you can catch all the action streaming live on the website.

Though the initial focus is on the live shows, the project's scope extends far beyond being the North's answer to the Boiler Room. The motivation behind the project is to showcase the often rather insular South Yorkshire art and music scene to a wider public, whilst retaining the DIY ethos that makes it so special. Using the technological set up developed for the live broadcasts, the project hopes to create features on developments in everything from the visual arts to creative technologies, as well as hosting interviews, written content and podcasts. The ball has been set rolling in the right direction on the latter front, with an excellent live set from project founders The Black Dog at Berghain already available on the website for your delectation, and interesting audiovisual experiments from SND member Mark Fell due to be covered this month as part of Festival of the Mind.

The first event was a suitably understated success, with all the artists rising to the challenge of playing sets designed to be carefully listened to, and a refreshingly Sheffield attitude to the crowd, who whilst enjoying themselves kept there distance from the cameras rather than desperately trying to crowd into the shot, as seems usual with this kind of event. The stream looked sharp, with immaculately shot visuals from Bloodworth complementing the action nicely, and the sound was some of the best I've heard in Sheffield.

Perhaps the best thing about this event is how it demonstrates that the DIY ethos mentioned earlier can still achieve results that supercede what has been done before in this area. A lot of time and money has been put into this by the founders, and the only return they are currently getting is the product itself, which we can all share in. Let's make sure we treasure it so it can continue.

electronicsupperclub.tv

[@eSuperClub](https://twitter.com/eSuperClub)

FAT FREDDY’S DROP.

7TH AUGUST.
PLUG.

REVIEWER – GORDON BARKER.

Fat Freddy’s Drop – the New Zealand based, highly accessible, easy listening, dub ballad septet have been selling out tours worldwide since the release of their debut album **Based on a True Story**. Whilst mainly wooing crowds of grey-skinned Sheffielders at the larger, sun-drenched festivals abroad, this time around they decided to embark on a full tour, bringing them to Sheffield for the very first time.

Plug was already heaving when we arrived, filled with people who on the whole seemed to be of the same thought as me – “I’ve been waiting for bloody years to see these guys.” I think the longest was won by one of my friends exclaiming ten years. So the atmosphere was most definitely already in the room before FFD even graced the stage.

The one and only support slot was given to Vadoinmessico, a London based five-piece who play warm psychedelic pop. These guys showcase an impressively tight set of charming, wistful and ultimately feel-good songs. Even though they fit the bill perfectly, it very much seemed that they were feeling the effects of supporting such a highly anticipated act. The smoking area was very busy and many people, myself unfortunately included, didn’t seem to give them as much attention as they probably deserved.

Fat Freddy’s entrance on to the stage was exciting. The crush towards the front was almost instantaneous as they breathed the first signs of life into their set with a brand new tune. Everyone started to dance exactly as they would continue to do so for the rest of the gig as the air filled with the old familiar smells.

The stage show from FFD is remarkable and captivating. You can certainly tell that they not only do this all the time, but that they are used to much bigger spaces than the Plug. This in no way hinders their effect, and as the show goes on the audience’s focus is constantly shifted around the stage to each performer and element within their performance. Particular stand out moments include the particularly energetic trombone/tuba/harmonica/ bass player, who surreptitiously disappears as the band lull into a soft, tension building rise, only to reappear in an overly tight, glittery jacket, tight white shorts and knee high socks ready for his part when it all kicks back in.

FFD are a truly entertaining group who know their art inside out. Playing new and old songs, as well as solo sections and Kaoss pad loop improvisations, they manage to keep the whole two-hour set enthralling where most begin to waver.

NICOLA FARNON TRIO.

26TH JULY.
CUBANA.

REVIEWER – BEN JACKSON.

Have you ever been to a gig in what is ostensibly a restaurant? I’m not talking about being out for a meal where a well meaning warble wafts over an inoffensive piano, but a gig that people have clamoured to book a table for, with the food (excellent as it was) as mere accompaniment? I hadn’t, so this was a pretty unique experience right from the get-go.

I did have an idea as to what to expect from Nicola though, having been told to see her by an old uni classmate who had seen her perform back in 2008 with her backing multi-instrumentalist, Piero Tucci, on piano and sax.

Piero was again present tonight on keys, with drummer Phil Johnson providing the brush strokes and Nicola up front on vocals and double bass.

The trio are pretty well renowned for their jazz and blues stylings, having played to a captivated crowd at Glastonbury. And even in Cubana, which is equally renowned for its vibrant mix of music, tapas and vast selection of fine rums, the room was absorbed and delighted by a gentle build of classic hits from Ella Fitzgerald to Chet Baker, interspersed by a host of new-to-me swing numbers.

Nicola’s demeanour and stage presence was akin to that of a seasoned performer, completely at home on the stage, with all the charm and charisma of a speakeasy cabaret act but without any of the jazz-handed affectations. She spoke quietly but clearly in between songs, introducing her band to an audience response that signified just how many members of tonight’s congregation were already fans. In fact, every time the last few bars were delivered, with that trademark tailing off in tempo, the trio were met with the sound of downed cutlery and rapturous applause. Restaurant? Not as we know it.

It was only after the show that I learned of Nicola’s incredible musical pedigree and heritage, though it came as no surprise at all. She is in fact the niece of Robert Farnon, the world famous and much acclaimed arranger and composer for the likes of Frank Sinatra and Tony Bennett amongst many more, which presumably played some part in defining her love of this timeless style of music.

Although I like to think - as most do - that my appreciation of music is wide and varied, I have to confess that I came here tonight with a greater sense of intrigue than expectation. As I leave, however, I am compelled to get hold of the back catalogues of all of the greats to whom the Nicola Farnon Trio did incredible justice.

PRIVATE LIVES.

18TH AUGUST.
BOTANICAL GARDENS.

REVIEWER - ROB ALDAM.

Noel Coward would be impressed with the matinee performance of his play, Private Lives. It had a mad dog, several Englishmen, and a smidgen of early afternoon sun.

Set in the beautiful surrounds of the Botanical Gardens, Heartbreak Productions put their own enigmatic spin on this comedy of manners, employing the device of having the cast also playing staff of the Deauville hotel where the play opens. As we await the beginning of the performance, the concierge J.J.Henry, who is also a professional magician, prowls the audience confirming reservations in faultless French, whilst selling a cleverly designed program in the style of a hotel menu. At the same time, we are serenaded by Gabriel the hotel singer, whose repertoire includes ‘Dream a Little Dream of Me’ and ‘Le Vie en Rose’.

Staging Coward’s drama is a difficult ask, as it is very much a period piece which relies heavily on the delivery of the four main actors. Whilst the underlying issues are timeless, the dialogue and humour is not. It doesn’t have the grittiness or contemporary narrative of, say, Reza’s God of Carnage or Marber’s Closer. Although it was considered racy when it was first staged in the 1930s, Private Lives seems rather light in comparison, but what it does contain is liberal smatterings of Coward’s legendary witty repartee and flamboyant style.

Private Lives focuses on divorced couple Elyot and Amanda (Stephen McLeod and Helen Terry), who find themselves honeymooning with their new spouses Sybil and Victor (Lindsey Crowe and James Edwards) in adjacent rooms in the same hotel. They realise that they still love each other and not their new companions, abandoning them, and running off to Paris together. They may be older, but they are by no means wiser, discovering that whilst they cannot be apart, they also cannot live together.

The origin cast consisted of Noel Coward, Lawrence Olivier, Gertrude Lawrence and Adrienne Allen. It would be an understatement to say that this is a nigh on impossible act to follow. As a four-handed piece, Heartbreak Productions’ take on Private Lives doesn’t quite click. Lines are not always delivered with the necessary vim and vigour, the timing is not always quite what it should be. The interactions between Elyot and Amanda, which form the centrepiece of the production, don’t contain the necessary bite and sting, often lacking emphasis on the 30s exaggerated dialogue. Don’t get me wrong, it is a highly enjoyable and well-acted adaptation, which provides great afternoon entertainment. It just seems to be missing a certain something.

The star and the crowd favourite (albeit not popular with our canine brethren) is J.J Henry playing the English bashing French concierge. His interjections and introductions add another dimension to the play and break up the longer stretches of dialogue. However, with a script this good, you have to wonder why there is a need for such a comedic device.

Private Lives is another high quality staging from Heartbreak Productions, who have consistently delivered excellent entertainment for many a summer.

LISTINGS.

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Here are a few fun facts regarding the month of September (thanks of course to our trustworthy pal, the Internet): It’s oft regarded as the start of the school term, the Romans believed that the month was looked after by some god named Vulcan, Bird’s Eye Fish Fingers first went on sale in September 1955 and apparently nothing whatsoever happened in British history between 3rd and 13th September 1752. Enlightened? We hope so, and we can also guarantee that September 2012 won’t be as dry as dry bones September 1752.

FOBS AUTUMN PLANT SALE.

9th September / Botanical Gardens / Free.

Need plants? Well why don’t you pop down to the FOBS Autumn Plant Sale. Don’t need plants? Well why don’t you pop down anyway and observe the natural beauty that plants bring us. This is literally win win win.

GYPSY JAZZ/DJANGO JAM SESSION.

12th September / The Bath Hotel / Free.

Gypsy Jazz/Django jam session you say? Sounds like the kind of night that has the potential to really escalate out of control. We’re talking dancing in the hills, losing all your clothes and riding farm animals home out of control.

KNIVES AND FORKS.

14th September / Secret Location / Price TBA.

Everyone loves a good secret location party. Kabal, Soup Kitchen, Bunga Bunga, Bob’s 45th Birthday Party and now new kids on the block Knives and Forks are bringing Marcus Nasty to a still unknown warehouse. Stay tuned for details.

THE TUESDAY CLUB.

18th September / The Leadmill / £8 adv.

Whilst the Changing Rooms team load into the Fusion and Foundry, the Tuesday Club team are to set up residence in Sheffield’s favourite club-with-a-metal-in-its-name, The Leadmill (apologies to Steelhouse and Zincshack).

JASON BYRNE: PEOPLE’S PUPPETEER.

27th September / City Hall / £17.50 adv.

The biggest selling comedian at the Edinburgh Comedy Festival. Jason Byrne’s inspired, original brand of high-energy intelligent lunacy ensures that there is no other comedian like him.

BITZ ‘N PEACE(S).

27th September / The Harley / £3-£4 OTD

Bitz ‘N Peace(s) is reaching the ripened age of two years old, and to celebrate Drew Garber and friends have invited down the pioneers of apocalyptic Balkan-rave-disco-biscuit music, Slamboree. Chances of fire – extremely high.



ALEX HUTTON TRIO.

LEGENTIS.
F-IRE RECORDS.

REVIEWER – JEZ MATTHEWS.

Legentis is a rich, textured album by Alex Hutton, perhaps one of the UK’s most under-rated pianists, originally from Sheffield, but now based in London. He is joined by Russian virtuoso bass player Yuri Goloubev, and one of the UK’s most subtle and musical drummers, Asaf Sirkis. Hutton has a distinctive style with a real sense of melody and drama, influenced by contemporary pianists like Esbjorn Svensson and Keith Jarrett. Wordless vocals, French horn, flute and cor anglais add colour to the arrangements, making this album a really varied listen.

The music moves easily from the euphoric dance-inspired riffs of the opening ‘J.J.’ to a more impressionistic feel on pieces like the lovely ‘Clouds’. Here Hutton invokes the sound of church bells, before some wonderful lyrical playing by both Hutton and Goloubev. ‘The Legentis Script’ has a very structured compositional feel, with vocals, French horn and flute framing the improvisational stretches of the piece. Hutton’s playing on this is melodic but has a sense of direction reminiscent of Esbjorn Svensson. ‘Then There Were Four’ follows ‘Clouds’ with a theme based around cascading piano arpeggios. Whilst technically impressive, the music is never forbidding, even when the improvisation becomes more exploratory towards the middle of the piece, and the return of the theme at the end is both thrilling and uplifting.

The cor anglais duets with piano in ‘Hymn 2 (We The People)’, a piece imbued with a calm pastoral lyricism. ‘Wonder Why’ has a rocky feel, and like several of the pieces evokes the music of other contemporary jazz trios like the EST or Avishai Cohen, with a tight yet loose feel to the playing and a real head-nodding groove. ‘Farewell 296’ is perhaps the most melancholic of the themes on the album; full of subtlety, with Goloubev initially doubling up the melody line with Hutton’s piano. Again Goloubev solos magnificently on this, before some of Hutton’s most expressive playing.

‘Crying Wolf’ features the French horn, and has a dramatic main theme with a real filmic feel to it, interwoven with a folky counter-melody. The main themes lead into yet another of Yuri Goloubev’s wonderful solos, backed sensitively by percussive touches from Sirkis and also Hutton, both subtle but never losing sight of the groove. Hutton’s solo playing on this has a spacey feel, before the return of the main theme.

Closer ‘A Norsk Tale’ is a piece for solo piano, beautiful in its simplicity, and a feeling that Hutton is somehow providing a musical epilogue to an epic drama.

This is a jazz album, but in common with many of the younger generation of jazz musicians, Hutton has absorbed influences outside the normal jazz repertoire to create music that refuses to be tied down to that label, and certainly deserves to be more widely heard.



DEERHOOF.

BREAKUP SONG.
ATP RECORDINGS.

REVIEWER – DAVID ELLIS.

Something heard while listening to this tea party of avant-garde pop with a death rattle cough made me look through the credits for a Mr W. Wonka. A long shot, admittedly, but these eleven tracks seem to have many of the same ingredients as those ‘exploding candies for your enemies’. The results are certainly similar, and this is no bad thing. **Breakup Song** fizzles with teeth-rattling strangeness through some of the catchiest pop music released this year, seducing listeners with little hooks and repetitions while constantly screwing with any semblance of a formula through scratchy guitars and stuttering drums. The mixing desk must have melted.

Right from the opener ‘Breakup Songs’, Deerhoof’s paradox is immediate; the floating warmth of fluttering female vocals battling a militant snare. And as the song squelches through a slick groove of noise, all San Francisco cool, a break comes with a keyboard riff straight from a carousel in Scunthorpe. As this fades, sound effects from Pong compete with cymbals swooshing backwards and Satomi Matsuzaki sings like she’s a subway announcer. This is ‘There’s That Grin’. By the end, guitars spiky with fuzz have inconceivably joined in and we’re briefly listening to Depeche Mode covered by Nirvana. Then the computer stops working at its thirty seconds of panicked bleeps and error messages somehow singing in time. Then ‘Bad Kids to the Front’ starts up with a cuckoo clock driven to insanity – presumably after listening to the two tracks it’s following – before melody battles a Nintendo circa 1986. The eighties theme continues for ‘Zero Seconds Pause’, where the riff is unashamedly wearing a shell suit and tossing its permed hair. It’s often said Deerhoof are hard to define, which is nonsense; they are just about everything. No, really.

A lull comes in the shape of ‘To Fly or Not to Fly’ and ‘We Do Parties’, both decidedly ordinary works of noise in their context. Still, the album rarely lets up and the band parade their particular brand of peculiar with a strange calm. They shape-shift, but with precision. This is a band in control.

It’s hard to comprehend how close to normal the entire affair is. From the opening moments through the closing refrain, something is almost always simple enough to grab hold of but some fantasy swoops in and dangles it just out of reach. It’s normal, if normal were heard through ears turned inside out and back to front.



MALA.

MALA IN CUBA.
BROWNSWOOD RECORDINGS.

REVIEWER – JACK OPUS.

In 2011, Mala, Brownswood head honcho Giles Peterson and now-label mate Simbad travelled to Havana to collaborate and record with local musicians as a contribution to the ongoing Havana Cultura project, which aims to celebrate and showcase Cuba’s musical talent to an international audience.

Mala in Cuba features musicians such as vocalist Danay Suarez, Grammy nominated percussionist Changuito and Buena Vista Social Club prodigy and acclaimed pianist Roberto Fonseca. The presence of the Cuban musicians is a real driving force behind the tracks featured on the album and, with it being previously remarked that all Cuban music is dance music, the album really acts as a demonstration of this, with its acoustic polyrhythms decorating the tracks.

The record itself is heavily reliant on dub structures, mixing techniques and processing, something often missed or lost in evolution within dubstep today. Although Mala in Cuba could not be considered a straight dubstep album, it includes many of the elements that made the genre great at its foundation – carefully-crafted minimal musicality and space, not just in terms of its note and beat placement but in its frequency range.

However – and this is what I love about the record – it is very much about musicians being themselves and executing music which showcases their personal influences. The Cuban musicians’ creative gift to the record is obvious in every track. Mala’s input is also clear via the jungle influences in some of the textures used, the depth of the sub-bass lines and the drum programming. Neither party has had their style compromised and it is a great achievement that the LP remains balanced as a whole.

Mala has really done a good job in utilising just enough of the recordings made in Cuba without falling into the trap of drowning the album in samples, which may have led to his identity being diluted in the process. This less-is-more approach has really helped to shine a spotlight on each contribution made by South American musicians with an element of suspense preceding each melody. When you hear the first chords in ‘Como Como’, they act as a very welcome and satisfying resolution to the tense feeling created by the repeated vocal line beginning the track.

‘Noches Sueños’ featuring Danay Suarez offers the listener the first actual ‘song’ and also acts as the album’s finale. With each track on Mala in Cuba offering hints of the rhythms and tones of the track previous, I wonder whether this final track hints at his future musical direction. Either way, I’ll be listening.



MUDCATS BLUES TRIO.

THE TESLA RECORDINGS.
TESLA RECORDS.

REVIEWER – SAMUEL VALDÉS LÓPEZ.

The genre of blues sometimes gets a bad rep – undeservedly, if you ask me. It’s seen as “dad rock”; self-indulgent and played only by a guy whose claim to fame was to share a wife (and solos) with George Harrison. Like any genre, there are people playing it by numbers and people who scramble the numbers to create Happy Primes and the Fibonacci sequence.

So maybe Mudcats Blues Trio are more into recreational mathematics than straight up algebra. Sure, 50% of The Tesla Recordings are covers, but they are pretty good renditions of classics – see ‘Mannish Boy’ and ‘In My Time of Dying’ – and their original offerings aren’t half bad at all, with ‘Blues for Buddy Guy’ and ‘Catfish Blues’ being superb tracks.

‘You Don’t Love Me’ is a great reinterpretation. I have to admit, with a certain degree of shame, that the version I knew was an infamous dancehall rendition from ‘94. Let’s keep the canonic one on this side of the blues scale. Equally ace is ‘Mannish Boy’, originally by Muddy Waters. Mudcats’ version is phenomenal.

What about the originals, you say? Well, ‘Blinded By The Devil’ is a sweet groove, ‘Flood Water Rising Blues’ is the soundtrack for my sampling ventures in the River Don and ‘Blues for Buddy Guy’ is both a love letter and a homage to Mr. Buddy Guy, one of the best wranglers of that beast we call “guitar”. It all balances out: Mudcats Blues Trio are a band that manage to pay homage to the legends that inspired them whilst creating their own repertoire of gems.

If any complaint has to be found (and it’s more of a nitpick) it’s that the album manages to capture half of the energy and passion of the Mudcats in their live environment. This is probably more due to the fact that the freedom that blues gives for jamming and improvisation is not always translated into a recording. Solution? Catch them live. They are always a joy to watch.

One of the refrains in ‘Catfish Blues’ says, “Call me a rolling stone”. Let’s just call you an unsung champion of blues and keep rocking those instruments, shall we?



DUSKY.

KEEP IT SIMPLE.
INTERVIEW BY JACK OPUS.

Alfie Granger-Howell and Nick Harriman make up the London-based duo Dusky, and also make music under the moniker Solarity. Having released their debut album entitled Stick By This last year, the pair have since achieved strong support from a wide range of DJs, including Loefah, Jamie Jones and Toddla T.

Their Flo Jam EP really caught our attention back in July, so we felt it only right to catch up with the pair and find out more about their processes, experiences, tastes and proudest moments so far.

How did you both get into making music?

A: I trained classically in piano from an early age and my interest in producing and DJing developed from there.

N: My path was quite different to Alfie, as I became involved in producing through DJing.

What is your current production set up?

N: We've just got a Mac running Logic Pro with a slew of plugins, an RME interface, and Dynaudio speakers. Everything we do is software based.

Do you sit down and work on tracks together or do you fire projects back and forth over the net?

A: It depends really. Sometimes we start ideas on our laptops and then pass them on to the other to add to and develop. Then other times we sit down in the studio together and start a track from scratch and it's a joint process from beginning to end.

What do you think you each bring to the table?

N: Alfie brings his classical training and attention to melodic and harmonic detail, whereas I'm an engineer at heart, so focus more on the overall production values and mix. Having said that, we both contribute on all the aspects of a track and help to refine each other's ideas, which is why we work well together.

How do you see your two aliases as a duo progressing?

A: It's hard to say as we don't have a vision of what we want either alias to become. We just try to let things progress naturally and follow what we're feeling to create. The Solarity alias has definitely taken a back seat as we've been so busy with the Dusky stuff, so we're not sure if or when we'll revisit that project.

Good advice you wish you'd been told earlier?

N: Knowing when to keep things simple.

What is the proudest moment so far in your career?

A: Probably getting booked for DC10 [in Ibiza] this summer!

N: Yeah, the DC10 booking is massive, but I'm also really proud of all the great feedback and support on the Dusky project from artists and DJs we've looked up to and respected over the years.

What are your goals for the next year?

N: We're just going to keep on writing tracks and probably get started on a new album. The bookings have been really good lately too, so we really want to travel and DJ as much as possible.

Which artists and producers are you enjoying currently? Both within club music and further afield.

A: Bicep are killing it at the moment, as are Boddika and Joy O.

N: Paleman, Huxley, Breach, and Midland are all making some really cool tracks. Further afield I haven't heard anything that has really stood out recently. When I'm not listening to club stuff, I mostly listen to old jazz and soul so miss a lot of new music that is released outside of the dance music world.

And finally, give us five non-dance tracks that you think everyone should listen to at some point in their lives.

N: There are too many, but here are five tracks I like that you might enjoy:

Ahmad Jamal – I Love Music
Dexter Wansel – Life On Mars
Steve Reich – Electric Counterpoint III. Fast
808 State – Headhunters
Kerri Chandler – Get It Off.

A: Zapp – Computer Love
Stravinsky – Symphony of Psalms
Souls of Mischief – 93' to Infinity
DJ Shadow – Blood On The Motorway
Ravel – String Quartet in F

soundcloud.com/duskymusic

FILMREEL.

ENTITLEMENT II.
JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES.

PREVIOUSLY ON FILMREEL:

The unacknowledged need to set boundaries and parameters for the artistic expression of others was placed under my scalpel as the year opened (NT#46). Guest writers confessed their Guilty Pleasures, while I left my true one out (NT#48) and moved on to elaborate on the three most important films of the last three decades (NT#49 and 50).

My stance on Realism was addressed (NT#51) and praised by a feminist in attendance of the Doc/Fest, which I subsequently reviewed from the perspective of a documentarist who loves fiction (NT#52). And then along came **Cosmopolis** - more of a game-changer than anyone would care to admit (NT#53).

Now, it all comes full-circle in...

ENTITLEMENT II – BINOCHÉ & STONE.

Twenty years ago, I went to an old-fashioned cinema in Lisbon to watch the newly-released **Basic Instinct** – with my mother. I was under age but could’ve easily gone on my own; not just because the film was rated 16, but because ratings in Portugal were merely decorative.

Both my mother and I felt blown away by the cinematic flare displayed by Paul Verhoeven’s masterful direction. I was particularly taken by the sense of familiarity the entire film had, whilst still remaining utterly original in tone and approach.

My fondness for the film has not diminished over the years. Quite the opposite; I almost feel guilty for liking it so much. My perception of the stigma that became attached to the film ever since its release has changed though. I have moved from bafflement to bemusement and have now reached the ability to look back at the whole phenomenon with the cool detachment of someone who has raised controversy in the same field.

The key thing about Basic Instinct is that it takes a series of Hollywood archetypes – mostly from suspense thrillers and detective noir stories – and turns them inside out. Always pushing them, at every step, to the limits of expectation and of what the norm has conditioned the public to accept. It’s what Hitchcock didn’t show us in **Vertigo** or **Psycho**. It’s the sleazy underbelly of Hollywood rubbed all over its face. And it’s pure cinema.

This is the merit upon which the film should be judged. The uproar on the part of gay, lesbian and feminist groups who couldn’t conceive that the murderess in the film was a (self-) objectified bisexual is peripheral to its innate cinematic strength.

Another key element, strong enough to challenge any view of that kind, is Sharon Stone’s performance, which takes me to feminist intellectual Camille Paglia’s views on this leading lady (as shared with us once at a screening of Ingmar Bergman’s **Persona**). In Paglia’s opinion, Sharon Stone claimed back a feminine authority on screen which actresses like Lauren Bacall and Katherine Hepburn once had, but that was diluted by softer stars like Meryl Streep or Gwyneth Paltrow. She moved on to detach herself from traditional feminism, stating that Picasso could’ve ‘lined up a row of women and have them all shot. He would still be a good artist.’ The silence in the front row, where a line of hardcore feminists sat, including the one who was to praise my Filmreel writing years later, spoke volumes...

If Verhoeven’s much contested entitlement to make Basic Instinct comes from the fact that he is Dutch (and therefore having the propensity to push boundaries in an endearingly playful way), Sharon Stone’s comes from being an intelligent human being who happens to be a woman (and an actress). She understands inherently that a good role is worth playing, regardless of ‘unfavourable’ gender representation or portrayal of sexual orientation.

Disastrous as Basic Instinct II might’ve turned out, Stone’s earlier judgement of wanting David Cronenberg to direct it shows that there’s more to her very high IQ than meets the eye. As the story goes, Martin Scorsese wanted to watch Cronenberg’s **Crash**, so Stone arranged a screening of it at her house and invited Cronenberg along. This led to his involvement in the sequel and his writing of what many say was a remarkable first draft of the script. If commercial pressure was the real reason for his departure, no one will ever know. Still, there are hints in Michael Caton-Jones’ mediocre sequel of where Cronenberg could’ve taken it.

When David Cronenberg explores the psychological fabric of a character or scene, it’s always in absolute synch with the filmmaking. Crash may be the finest example of that, but his more recent adaptation of Don DeLillo’s Cosmopolis never falls short of such moments. A highlight of the film (and which best illustrates this) is the scene that introduces the character played by Juliette Binoche.

Needless to say, this is a scene which most actresses of similar status would’ve turned down. After all, the character is introduced abruptly, having sex in the back of a limo, has a chat about Rothko and never appears again. But Binoche and Cronenberg elevate the scene to higher levels of humanity and depth of character. His inclusion of a close-up of her stilettos being propped post-coitally over a cool interior surface of the limo sums up the entire scene. Her understanding of her character is singular; here’s an emancipated professional woman made vulnerable by a sexual dependence on a younger, more successful man. These dynamics are beautifully played out and come across crystal clear thanks to Binoche.

This quintessentially French actress is always up for a challenge. She has left her comfort zone various times, even venturing into dance with critically-acclaimed British choreographer Akram Khan in In-I. She also navigates confidently between mainstream (**The English Patient**, **Chocolat**) and art-house projects (**Caché**, **Trois Couleurs: Bleu**) and can be seen back on stage this month, at the Barbican, in Strindberg’s **Mademoiselle Julie**.

About the mythical Swedish author of the play, she acknowledges his chauvinism as much as his genius. With regards to feminism, she finds it to be a reductive, stereotyped way of thinking – that being actively creative is far more important than talking about it – but still adds that women are naturally ‘born creative, not only because they have babies, but because there’s a blossoming to find inside us’.

As a complement to these refreshing views, I invite you to read Juliette Binoche’s interview with Vanity Fair, which was prompted by her role in the controversial film **Elles** and addresses femininity from a variety of unresolved angles.

The theme of Entitlement will conclude in three months’ time with the way hardcore pornography has been gradually trickling into mainstream culture, the pivotal role women have been overtly playing in this and the dawn of the complete disempowerment of the heterosexual male.

capturafilmes.blogspot.com



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Su 23/09	19:30 THE HARLEY ▶ PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER ▶ WITHERED HAND
Tu 01/10	19:30 THE HARLEY ▶ HARLEY LIVE ▶ JOHNNY FOREIGNER
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Sa 27/10	19:30 THE HARLEY ▶ HARLEY LIVE ▶ FRANCOIS & THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS
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Mo 05/11	19:30 THE HARLEY ▶ HARLEY LIVE ▶ UGLY DUCKLING
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COMING SOON

1810 - STACE COLLING
2010 - FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS
2110 - WOLFGANG
2210 - THE OCEAN'S EYES
2310 - EVILE
2410 - I AM I
2510 - NEVERLAND
2610 - SLEEPY TIME LONE
2710 - ASSOLVA
2810 - HAZZTIVIST
2910 - METAL HAMMER HAZZTIVIST
3010 - SABATON
3110 - CUMMANS WID / SPIZZERHO
3210 - BORN REPUBLIC
3310 - THE COCKPIT LEADS
3410 - BONAFIDE
3510 - ELECTRIC BOYS
3610 - WIKI FRANK
3710 - BUCKWHEAT
3810 - LITTLE CAESAR
3910 - CANTERBURY
4010 - THE DOGS OF AMOUR
4110 - EUNHWA
4210 - EPICA
4310 - THE FAMOUS CLASS
4410 - THE QUIRKY BOYS
4510 - (HRO)PE / MURDOOMHEAD
4610 - W. HRO FESTIVAL 2011
4710 - RESISTANT FESTIVAL 2011

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CELLULOID SCREAMS

Sheffield Horror Film Festival
26-28 October 2012
Showroom Cinema, Sheffield

Tickets and information: 0114 2757727
www.celluloidscreams.co.uk





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RESIDENTS: SET2 \ KUJIO [COLLECT!] SIR VINYL INSTINCT [ITCHY PIG]

SAT 13TH OCT @ DLS

MIDNIGHT TILL 7:30AM
LIMITED TICKET £8 ADV \ £10





CELLULOID SCREAMS.
26TH - 28TH OCTOBER.
CELLULOIDSCREAMS.CO.UK

Celluloid Screams is a film festival that showcases the best of contemporary horror alongside stone-cold classics of the genre. Once again housed at the ever-accommodating Showroom Cinema, the fourth Celluloid Screams will take place on the weekend of 26th-28th October, packed full of premieres, previews, Q&As and much more.

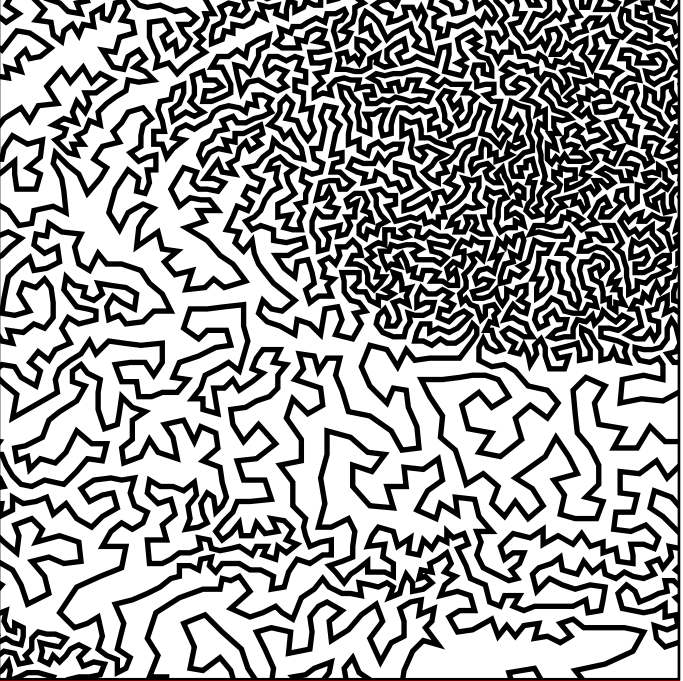
The full line-up will be announced soon – keep an eye on their website and Twitter page, @sheffhorrorfest – but a few films have already been confirmed.

After unused footage was discovered some 20 years after its original release, Clive Barker’s **Nightbreed: The Cabal Cut** will be shown in all its fleshed-out glory, coupled with a Q&A session with restoration director Russell Cherrington and cast members Simon Bamford, Nick Vince and Hugh Ross.

As for new feature films, there should be a lot to choose from. **Before Dawn** (Dir. Dominic Brunt) depicts a zombie epidemic against the backdrop of a relationship in turmoil, and the director and various cast members will be on hand to answer questions. The Cronenbergian **Cell Count** (Dir. Todd E Freeman) will make its UK premiere coupled with another Q&A, brutal teen-angst horror and Sundance Film Festival favourite **Excision** (Dir. Richard Bates Jr) might just give you nightmares, while the mood will be lightened somewhat by Steven Kostanski’s **Manborg** (“Imagine Robocop and Universal Soldier mashed up in a pastiche of every 80s straight-to-video genre movie and you get some idea of what to expect,” Sci-Fi London.)

A number of short films will also be screen during the weekend, including **The Captured Bird** (Dir. Jovanka Vuckovic), a pitch black, beautifully-crafted fable, and **Familiar** (Dir. Richard Powell), the story of a man who begins to suspect that the dark impulses in his head are not his own.

A pass for Celluloid Screams is priced at £60 or £50 for concessions, and can be bought from the Showroom Box Office - 0114 275 7727 or showroomworkstation.org.uk/celluloidscreamspass. Keep in touch with Celluloid Screams on Facebook, Twitter and the above website for updates.



LONGARM.
20TH - 30TH SEPTEMBER.
FESTIVALOFTHEMIND.GROUP.SHEF.AC.UK.

The Festival of the Mind is a city-wide project which pairs up creative locals with collaborators at the University of Sheffield for a week of performances, exhibitions, installations, talks and activities, all accessible to the public free of charge.

The programme is packed with interesting goings-on, but one exhibition in particular catches our eye. Longarm is headed up by our very own art director Mattias Jones, extending his artistic exploration of the classic Travelling Salesman Problem, a mathematical problem which seeks to find the shortest possible route between a number of pre-defined positions, visiting each only once and returning to the start position.

Throw some robotic painting devices into the mix – overseen by experts at the University of Sheffield and informed by research into how bees travel from flower to flower – and the result will be a large, single-line mural created by automated machines, painted over the course of a week across the walls and floor of a public access space. The result will be a complex, ever-evolving exhibition that will offer a different experience to each visitor as the piece slowly “draws itself”. The ultimate aim is to get people thinking about how fundamental mathematical principles are all around us and how patterns inform behaviour, as well as considering the microcosm of the process and the macrocosm of the image as a whole.

Longarm takes place at CADS on Smithfield between 20th and 30th September.

Visit festivalofthemind.group.shef.ac.uk or madebyjones.com for more info.

Follow @festivalmind and @mattiasjones on Twitter.

REGATHER FRUIT & VEG BOXES.
0114 273 1258.
REGATHER.NET/BOX

Regather Trading Cooperative is helping revive the Sheffield economy by keeping trade local and fair. Regather runs the Regather Fruit & Veg Box. Suppliers are organic and produce is sourced from local growers. The past month has seen 90% of the boxes filled with produce from Sheffield. Every customer gets a weekly newsletter and the chance to visit where their produce is grown, as well as becoming part of the Regather community. There are often some foraged freebies as well.

Boxes start from £10.50 or £12.50 delivered. Call 0114 273 1258, visit regather.net/box or send an email to box@regather.net for more information.

OXJAM.
14TH OCTOBER.
OXJAMSTEELCITY.CO.UK

Oxjam is a national music festival which raises money for Oxfam up and down the UK throughout October. Since 2006, the annual charity venture has raised over £1.75 million at over 3,000 events.

This year, Sheffield's Oxjam will take place across four city centre venues – The Bowery, The Great Gatsby, The Green Room and The Washington. Line ups are yet to be confirmed, but it's safe to say there will be a great deal of variety, with jazz rubbing shoulders with folk and a single wristband providing access to all four locations.

If you want to perform at one of the venues, offer your services as a volunteer, or believe your business might be able to sponsor Oxjam, visit the above website.

SHEFFIELD MENTAL HEALTH WEEK 2012.
8TH-14TH OCTOBER.
SHEFFIELDMENTALHEALTHWEEK.CO.UK

There's a packed programme approaching for Sheffield Mental Health Week, which incorporates World Mental Health Day on 10th October. There will be over 15 events taking place, ranging from a football tournament to a CD launch, relaxation sessions and much more, all with the aim of promoting positive mental health and wellbeing and challenging discrimination.

Keep a weather eye on sheffieldmentalhealthweek.co.uk for full event details. Picks at the time of writing are the official opening ceremony at Hillsborough Park, 8th October at noon, and the closing party, which will feature Now Then favourite Peter Antoniou's Psychic Circus. This comedy event will take place upstairs at the Hallam Hubs on Friday 12th October, 8pm. See you there.

FAVOURITES.
OUR PICK OF THE BUNCH.

CITY HALL.
80TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS.
SHEFFIELDCITYHALL.CO.UK/80THBIRTHDAY

This month sees the City Hall celebrate its 80th birthday with a special programme of events which will reflect its celebrated history.

Keith Roe's Big Band Ballroom Dance will play in the ballroom on 1st September and 90s club night Drop will return for one night only on 14th, playing a mix of alternative rock and indie, followed by motown, northern soul and more at Brighton Beach on 15th. The building's birthday on 22nd September will see City of Sheffield Youth Orchestra play the music of the most important 20th Century British composers, while Toby Foster's Last Laugh Comedy Club will also celebrate its 20th year on 21st and 22nd of the month. But the crowning glory has to be a well-timed performance from Richard Hawley on 23rd; a man who has played numerous special gigs at this venue, and undoubtedly has many more up his sleeve.

SHEFFIELD RENEWABLES.
COMMUNITY SHARE OFFER.
SHEFFIELDRENEWABLES.ORG.UK

Sheffield Renewables is a co-operative focused on developing, funding, owning and operating renewable energy projects in and around the city. After expanding its volunteer and supporter base since starting life in 2007, the organisation is now set to launch a community share offer for its Jordan Dam Hydro Project, enabling local people to invest in a scheme which will generate 310,000 kWh per year – enough to power around 80 homes.

Planning permission has been secured for the site near Meadowhall, but the co-op now needs to raise £250,000 for construction. Shares start at £250, with other finances potentially coming through commercial loans. Visit the above URL for more info.

SIMPLE.
ABERDEEN COURT, DIVISION ST.
SIMPLESKATESTORE.CO.UK
0114 327 1727.

To all those arriving into our fair city for the first time, and even those returning who have managed to stroll past, oblivious to its presence, welcome to Aberdeen Court.

Located just off Division Street, opposite the Frog and Parrot Pub, this unassuming wee courtyard is home to a triumvirate of independent traders, with the first sign you'll clock being that of Simple.

Owner Ash's philosophy of “keep it simple” is perfectly embodied in this skate shop-come-gourmet coffee bar. The minimalist decor lets the vibrant and original board designs, tees, shoes and general clobber really shine. And the coffee? It's from Sheffield's legendary Pollards and is, as we say around here, reyt good.

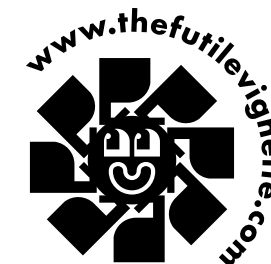
So, if you ride, like ace coffee or just have an eye for a sartorial bargain, get yersen down.



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WITH BRIGHT
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1. DRAM SHOP
2. THE RIVERSIDE BAR
3. BLAKE HOTEL
4. THE RISING SUN
5. SHEFFIELD UNION
6. THE HARLEY
7. SHAKESPEARES
8. MR GON TATTOO
9. CADS & DLS
10. CUBANA
11. RED DEER
12. RARE AND RACY
13. SIMPLE
14. DEVONSHIRE CAT
15. PONDS FORGE
16. CORPORATION
17. THE PLUG
18. THE LEADMILL
19. THE RUTLAND ARMS
20. HALLAM UNI :
21. BRIGHTEST SPARK
22. MONTH OF SUNDAYS
23. THELMA'S CAFE
24. JH MANN
25. 2 STEPS FISHERIES
26. PORTER BOOKS
27. REGATHER
28. SHEAF VIEW
29. ABBEYDALE BREWERY
30. THE OLD SWEET SHOP

